THE DYING VOLUPTUARY.

I must obey, I must not stay,
The scene of life is ending;
The lot is cast, Death calls at last;
My final hour's impending;
Farewell estate, and hopes elate,
All like a song is ending.

Thou glorious sun, my day is done,
But thou, thy journey keeping,
Go on thy way, great king of day—
I must in death be sleeping.
Night's pall is spread, the light is fled,
My bark in port is sweeping.

Thou moon serene, with silver sheen,
Ye planets golden seeming,
And little eyes that star the skies,
For my descendants beaming;
The fates' decree of death to me,
Is told by comets streaming.

Three hundred times, three thousand times,
Farewell, thou world defiling;
Unsteady thou, and slippery now,
Farewell, with all thy smiling;
With falsehoods sweet and artful cheat,
No longer me beguiling.

Ye castles bright, with gems benight,
Farewell, on high erected,
With marble walls or ivory halls,
In Fancy's skies reflected;
I see my bed among the dead,
By Death's dark steeds directed.

Ye beauties rare, whose charms, so fair,
My captive sense delighted;
Delirious dream of love supreme,
That all my mind excited;
Now solemn shade o'er all it made,
On sight and sense benighted!

Ye dances vain and sports profane,
In wanton chorus singing;
Be still, I pray, your orgies stay,
God's summons now is ringing—
His crier, Death, with startling breath,
My mortal sentence bringing.

Delights of life, with luxury rife,
The table's social pleasure;
The dainty meats, the honeyed sweets,
And wine-cup's crowned treasure;
I loathe ye all, while death doth call
To pledge his brimming measure.

Haste ye away, fade and decay,
Ye rich perfumes and dresses;
Be cold and stale, ye pleasures frail.
Provoking love's caresses;
Foul worms shall dress in loathesomeness
The grave my body presses.

Oh, honor's height! oh, glory's light!
I leave all honors fleeting,
As hence I go, my fate to know,
Eternity now meeting;
Title and fame and noble name,
How worthless and how cheating!

Ye chosen few, my comrades true,
Dear friends my pleasure sharing;
Insulting death stops every breath,
Nor wit nor wisdom sparing;
And here to-day I leave our play,
My last farewell declaring.

Body, farewell, thy fate I tell,
This final summons hearing;
Thou too hast known and called thine own,
My griefs and joys endearing;
Body and mind, in life combined,
One goal are always nearing.

THE GIRL MUTINEER.

Toward the close of an October day in 1777, a vessel sailing in a southwesterly direction crossed the fifty-seventh degree of west longitude. Her keel plowed the waves of the north Atlantic, and her destination seemed to be the Azores—she was sailing before a strong wind, and the arrangement of her sails indicated flight. If flight, from whom? The naked eye could perceive no pursuer on the bosom of the ocean; but the sea-glasses leveled by a number of British officers, who graced the clean decks, revealed a dark speck on the rim of the horizon.

This distant object occasioned no little anxiety among the officers. A silence which had reigned among them for many moments was suddenly broken by a man whose bearing might have proclaimed him an English admiral.

"He still follows," were the words that fell from his lips, "but with the help of Neptune we'll outsail him in the night."

Though the officer spoke with much assurance, there lurked in his tone a latent fear which his companions detected, and they exchanged significant glances.

Over the face of the deep, night was setting, and the vessel kept straight before the wind, to the joy of the commander who had lately spoken. The shadows gradually veiled the far-away pursuers from sight, and when the officers separated, expressions of triumph were on their lips.

The British vessel was the Meteor, a fast sailer, whose armament consisted of seventy-eight guns. She was a well built double-decker, and had seen much service in the war which had raged almost three years between Great Britain and her American colonies. Her speed and her formidable armament had made her a terror to American vessels in European waters. Her commander, a sea-born Englishman, named Gilderoy, was an officer of undoubted courage and cunning, to which he added a vindictiveness that rendered him obnoxious to many of his own crew.

The Meteor was flying from a new and very formidable foe—flying with a hold filled with booty. On the day preceding the one that had just closed upon her flight, she had captured an American cruiser, after a spirited contest. The prize had proved one of value, and Capt. Gilderoy did not wish to risk an engagement with the vessel following in his wake,

Capt. Conyngham, the pursuer, was a second Paul Jones. He was one of the most daring spirits of our then infant navy, and his name had become a terror along the coast of England. He pursued and captured a number of English ships, which he either burnt or sent into friendly ports; and when he descried the Meteor, fresh from her victory, he hesitated not a moment to crowd all sail and give chase.

There were men on the decks of the Revenge, as Conyngham's vessel was appropriately named, who watched the flying Englishman. Much speculation concerning the result of the chase ran through the several groups, and Conyngham smiled when he turned to reply to the words of a youthful lieutenant who stood beside him, sea-glass in hand.

"We can outsail her, Gilbert," the American captain said, with emphasis; "this wind favors both of us alike, and in the calm that will prevail, she must lay by till day."

The young officer turned from his captain and again his eyes were strained to make out the form of the ship rapidly disappearing among the prevailing shadows.

Conyngham did not return to his glass, but he watched the face of his youthful companion.

"I am confident that Miss Temple is on board the Englishman," he said, at last.

"Of coarse she is!" exclaimed the lieutenant, with a flush. "I knew she was on board the Mischief when it fell into the Meteor's hands, and I am satisfied she is a prisoner."

"The fairest prize old Gilderoy has captured in many a long day!" remarked Conyngham with a laugh at the lieutenant's smile, and the flash that lighted up the depths of his anxious eyes.

The conversation was interrupted by an unexpected veering of the wind that paled the cheeks of the numerous watchers on the deck, and the officers separated.

Now, having learned something of the Meteor's pursuer, let us return to the English vessel.

The calm prophesied by the American captain fell upon the ocean shortly after the descent of darkness. It worried Gilderoy, and he held frequent consultations with his officers, now on deck, now in his stateroom. He held consultations in the latter place over a bottle of choice wine, and under liquor's influence, he soundly cursed the daring Yankee privateer.

Becalmed on the water and beneath the stars, the Meteor lay like a huge, slumbering leviathan. Her lights were hidden, and the spectral figures that trod her decks conversed in whispers.

In a small apartment not far remote from the council cabin, stood a beautiful young girl. There was a look of sorrow in her dark eyes, and her face was quite pale. She appeared to be listening, for her head was bent toward Gilderoy's room, from which direction came a faint and confused murmur of voices.

"I know we are becalmed," she said to herself in an audible tone, "and I know, too, that the officers are worried about it. The men? I know that many of them hate Gilderoy. Didn't I hear the helmsman say last night that the sailors would refuse to fight for the man who rules them with a rod of iron, and when he had spoken thus, didn't he remark to a fellow tar that the prisoners did not know their strength? Yes, that he did. The men think of mutiny, and the man at the wheel is now ready to rise against the captain of this ship. They want a leader, they gnaw in silence the chain of tyranny, with which their captain has bound them. I will spring the mine! I will lead the Meteor's mutineers, and the Revenge may have our prize.

Adaline Temple spoke with fierce determination and clenched her hands.

The observer would have laughed to think that she had decided to head a body of mutineers—that she—a fragile girl of nineteen, had resolved to rob the English navy of one of its best vessels or to perish in the attempt.

She left the room with a resolve well formed, and steadfast in her determination. Like a spectre she glided down the darkened corridors of the vessel, and at last, climbing upward with care, reached the deck.

Captain Gilderoy and his lieutenants were below, discussing the situation over several bottles of wine. Adaline saw the stars overhead, and turning her face to the various points of the compass without greeting a breeze that would have pleased the British captain.

The man at the wheel, having nothing to do, seemed to have fallen asleep, for he started when Adaline's hand fell upon his shoulder, and his hand made a rapid movement toward his belt, when he saw her figure.

"I want to talk with you," she said in a low tone, making no display of the knife whose hilt she clutched—a knife like the helmsman's. "I want to say a few words, and are you going to listen? I heard you use mutinous language last night, and I could have you hung at the yard arm just by speaking to the tyrant Gilderoy."

He was her man!

"You are harboring schemes of mutiny at this very moment," she continued, after a brief pause, "and you are not alone in the diabolical work. I can tell the captain before an hour, if—"

Adaline paused a moment, and heard the beating of the sailor's heart. He stared into her face like a man suddenly frightened by a ghost, and she finished her sentence with lips almost touching his ear.

"If you do not obey me!"

Then the helmsman's lips parted.

"For the love of heaven do not throw us poor devils at the feet of Gilderoy," stammered the sailor. "He would hang every one of us before morning. Do you want us to mutiny to-night! Our time has not yet come. There is but nineteen of us now—"

"But the prisoners—sixty-two strong men and brave."

"They are Americans!"

"Nevertheless, they will not hesitate to rescue gallant English sailors from the tyranny of the captain of this ship. To-night, if you say so, I will drive this knife to your heart, and have your comrades hung to the yard before day."

The helmsman saw the knife whose blade flashed very near his breast, and the next moment he stood on the deck.

"We'll do it!" he said. "But Chester is wounded—hurt yesterday by a ball from your ship. Chester was to have led us."

"I will take his place, said Adaline. "Now let us strike!"

Capt. Gilderoy, unsuspicious of the mutinous spirit on his ship, had placed watches who had belonged to the Chester party. Adaline soon discovered this, and at length, seven determined sailors, armed with knives and pistols, prepared for the fray.

She stationed two of the strongest at the door of the council room, while as many more guarded the hatches. Then the prisoners were called forth, one by one, until sixty-two strong-limbed Yankee soldiers stood on deck, ready to do their duty

There was a tumult among the captain's party when the mutiny was discovered, and the officers were apprised of the state of affairs by the discharge of several pistols in the hold.

"Mutiny!" cried Gilderoy, springing from the table; and the next moment, having opened the door, he found himself flung to the floor by one of the mutineers who guarded the portal.

Another British officer was knocked down, when several prisoners made their appearance, and the inmates of the cabin were secured. It was one of the most startling mutinies in the British navy; but the most thrilling part was yet to come.

"Now, three cheers for the English sailors!" cried a stalwart mutinee, who had ably seconded the patriot girl.

Three cheers were given with a will—they swept far into the night, and startled the tenants of another vessel's deck.

"No more such cheers!" suddenly cried Ada Temple, in a tone of command—"The Meteor is to bear the flag of the American congress at her mizzen peak. The British mutineers will lay down their arms. Yankee sailors will prepare to shoot those who refuse to obey.

A moment's silence was followed by curses, and the nineteen mutineers looked into the faces of the men whom they had armed with English pistols and cutlasses. Obedience alone would save their lives and in a few moments the British mutineers were prisoners like their more faithful comrades, and the good ship Meteor was in Yankee hands!

Before dawn rockets revealed the Meteor's position to her pursuer, and the astonished Cogyngham soon stood on the bloodless deck! Then the young American lieutenant encountered the heroine of the hour—the girl on whose finger he had placed a shining ring.

"I knew that you were near in the Revenge," she said to him "and I thought I would present you with the Meteor—Why, Gilbert, if I had not led the mutineers, I might have run away from you, as I did yesterday. Gilbert Farley assumed command of the valuable prize, and in many of his cruises he was accompanied by the gallant girl whose fame was sung on the decks of every vessel in our little navy.

After the war—well, the reader can guess what "happened after the war."

A Good Exhibit.

The number and value of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards issued by the third assistant postmaster general upon requisitions received from local postmasters throughout the country during the month of October are the largest ever known heretofore in the postoffice department. The figures are as follows: Stamps: number, 119,048,218; value, $3,255,490. Stamped envelopes: 26,731,900; value, $647,404. Postal cards: 40,964,000; value, $409,800. Total number, 186,744,218; value, $4,312,694.

The report of the auditor of the treasury for the postoffice department for the fiscal year, ended June 30th, 1880, shows the actual cost of the postal service to the general treasury during this period to have been only $2,786,341. This deficit is $245,114 less than the deficit of the preceeding year, which was uncommonly small, the deficit for the fiscal year 1878 having been upward of $4,600,000. The total revenue of the postoffice department for the last fiscal year was $33,315,479; total expenditures, $36,101,820. The principal items of expenditure are as follows: Compensation of postmasters, $7,718,784; clerks in postoffices, $3,569,466; letter carriers and incidental expenses, $2,363,718; railroad transportation, $8,509,591; star service by horses and ordinary vehicles, $6,962,502; railway mail service employes, $3,450,114. Auditor McGrew's report also shows the number of domestic money orders issued during the fiscal year was 7,240,537, amounting to $100,352,819. The principal foreign money order business was as follows: With Great Britain 116,773 orders were issued, amounting to $1,669,943, and 18,912 paid, amounting to $338,090; Canada, 25,895 orders were issued, amounting to $511,617, and 23,213 paid, amounting to $422,730; Germany, 63,855 orders were issued for $1,014,462, and 22,655 orders paid, amounting to $637,157; total net revenue to the government from the money order business of the year, $269,205.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.